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Select Poetry.

From the Country Gentleman.
The Pretty Girl Milking the Cow.

OLD AIR, FROM CAROLAN.

The morning's first dawn was all glowing,
And purple and gold tinged the sky;

The Summer's soft breeze were blowing
And waving the tree tops on high;

With music the groves were all ringing,
The grass was all spangled with dew;

By the side of the path sweetly singing,
Sat a pretty girl milking her cow.

Like the morning her fair cheek was glowing
With the rose's most delicate hue;

Her hair like the golden clouds flowing,
Her eyes like the drops of bright dew;

Her locks, by the morning breeze parted,
A forehead as white as a snow;

And none were more gay and light hearted
Than the pretty girl milking the cow.

The lark, his glad hymn to the morning,
Was singing aloft in the sky;

And robin, the carol returning,
Sat perched on the tree top hard by;

And sparrows were flitting so lightly,
And chirping their notes sweet and low;

But none of them all sung more sweetly
Than the pretty girl milking the cow.

What can'st thou for wealth or for splendor?
The proud and the rich and the gay?

A father and mother most tender
Are dearer far dearer than they.

Content with their love she deprecates not
Her station, though humble and low;

But like the bright morning all joyous
Was the pretty girl milking the cow.

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Touching Story of the Czar.

Every incident connected with the late Czar Nicholas is hallowed in his death, and acquires an interest that seems to be only equalled with the grave. The greatness of his character will be dwelt upon by biography and history, but they cannot tell a tender tale of feeling—that of paternal heart which, to all the world still warmed with the natural affections, and found repose from the toils and cares of state in the bosom of his family. It shows that even the iron will of despotism may be subdued, and the sternest nature melted down by that soft fire which God has planted in almost every heart. It is a lesson to fathers; for even in this republic land there are many who have been obdurate in opposing the yearning of the daughter's hearts, and entailed upon their offspring lives of misery, when the future might be sunbright and radiant with every hue of happiness.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AND HIS DAUGHTER

A few years since there was in the city of St. Petersburg a young girl, so beautiful and so lovely that the greatest prince of Europe, had he met her, even in a peasant's hut, might well have turned his back upon princesses to offer his hand and his crown.

But far from having first seen the light in a peasant's hut, she was born in the shadow of the proudest throne on earth. It was Marie Nicolowna, the adored daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

As her father saw her blooming like the Mayflower, and sought for by all the heirs of royalty, he cast his eyes upon the fairest, the richest and the most powerful of them, and with the smile of a father and a king, said to her—

"My child, you are now of an age to marry, and I have chosen for you the prince who will make you a queen, and the man who will render you happy."

"The man who will render me happy?" stammered the blushing princess, with a sigh, which was the only objection to which her heart gave utterance. "Speak, father," she said, as she saw a frown gathering on the brow of the Czar—"speak, and your majesty shall be obeyed."

"Obeyed!" exclaimed the Emperor, trembling for the first time in his life—"Is it then only as an act of obedience that you will receive a husband from my hands?"

"The young girl was silent, and concealed a tear."

"Is your faith already pledged?"

"The girl was still silent."

"Explain yourself, Marie—I command you!"

"At this word, which sways millions of human beings, the princess fell at the feet of the Czar."

"Yes, father—if I must tell you—my heart is no longer my own, it is bestowed upon a young man who knows it not and shall never know it, if such be your wish. He has never seen me but two or three times, at a distance; and we will never speak to each other, if your majesty forbids it."

The Emperor was silent in his turn. He grew pale. Three times he made the circuit of the saloon. He durst not ask the name of the young man.

He would have braved, for a caprice the monarchs of the world, at the head of their armies, yet, with all his omnipotence, he feared this unknown youth, who disputed with him the possession of his highest treasure.

"Is it a king?" he demanded, at last.

"No, father."

"The heir of a king, at least."

"No, father."

"A Grand Duke?"

"No, father."

"A son of a reigning family?"

"No, father."

At each step in the descending scale the Czar stopped to recover breath.

"A stranger?"

"Yes, father."

The Emperor fell back into an armchair, and hid his face in his hands, like Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

Is he in Russia? he resumed, with effort.

"Yes, father."

"At St. Petersburg?"

"Yes, father."

And the voice of the girl grew faint.

"Where shall I see him?" said the Czar, rising with a threatening aspect.

"To-morrow at the review."

"How shall I recognize him?" demanded the Czar, with a stamp of his foot.

"By his green plume and his black steel."

"It is well. Go my daughter, and pray God to have pity on that man!"

The princess withdrew in a fainting condition; and the Emperor was soon lost in thought.

"A childish caprice," he said to himself, at length. "I am foolish to be disturbed at it. It must be, for all my power would be weaker than her tears."

On the following day at the review, the Czar, whose eagle eye embraced all at a glance, sought and saw in his battalions none else than a green plume and a black charger. He recognized in him who wore the one and rode the other simply a Colonel of the Bavarian Light-horse, youngest child of the son of Josephine, (who was for a brief time Empress of France,) and of Augusta Amelia, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, of Bavaria—an admirable and charming cavalier, in truth; but as far inferior then to Marie Nicolowna as a simple soldier to an emperor.

"Is it possible?" said the Czar to himself, as he sent for the Colonel, with a design of dismissing him to Munich.

But, at the moment when he was about to crush him with a word, he stopped at the sight of his daughter fainting in her coach.

"There is no longer a doubt," thought the Czar; "it is indeed he."

And, turning his back upon the stupefied stranger, he returned with Marie to the Imperial Palace.

For six weeks all that prudence, tempered with love and severity, could inspire, was essayed to destroy the image of the Colonel in the heart of the princess. At the end of the first week she was resigned and at the end of the second she wept; at the end of the third she wept in public; at the end of the fourth she wished to sacrifice herself to her father; at the end of the fifth she fell sick; at the end of the sixth she was dying.

Meanwhile, the Colonel, seeing himself in disgrace at the court of his host, without daring to confess to himself the cause did not wait for his dismissal to return to the regiment. He was on the point of setting out for Munich, when an aid de camp of the Czar came to him.

"I should have set out yesterday," he said to himself. "I might have avoided what awaits me. At the first flash one should save himself from the thunder-bolt."

The bolt in reserve for him was the following: He was ushered into the cabinet, where kings only are allowed to enter. The Emperor was pale and his eye moist, but his air was firm and resolute.

"Colonel Duke," said he, enveloping and penetrating him with his glance, "you are one of the handsomest officers in Europe. It is said also, and I believe it true, that you possess an elevated mind—a thorough education, a lively taste for the arts, a noble heart and loyal character. What think you of the Grand Duchess, my daughter, Marie Nicolowna?"

This point-blank question dazzled the young man. It is time to say that he, who he admired, adored the princess without being fully aware of it. A simple mortal adores an angel of Paradise as an artist adores the ideal of beauty.

"The Princess Marie, sir!" exclaimed he, reading his own heart, without daring to read that of the Czar. "Your anger would crush me if I told you that I think of her; and I should die of joy if you permitted me to say it."